

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 2 - No. 55

Greensburg, Indiana

April 2, 1973

THE KETTLE BOILS!- It isn't woman's lib, abortion or public school busing that is the issue in Decatur County. It appears that our courthouse, the venerable old structure that it is- is slated for the wrecker's ball! A public hearing concerning the matter was held February 19th. in the court room. It drew a capacity crowd! A feasibility committee had been appointed previously. Carroll Knarr president of the Board of Commissioners presided and "reading the report of the study group pointed out that the major recommendation was in favor of a City-County Building on the present courthouse site". The Chamber of Commerce and most of our elected officials, city and county, favor this move, everybody but the People of Decatur County.

Though the mills of the Gods  
grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceedingly  
small!

\* \* \* \* \*

MEMBERSHIP- Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all matters of membership to the Recording Secretary.

OCCASION: Spring Meeting

SPEAKER: Hon. Milford E. Anness

DATE: Sunday afternoon  
April 8th, 1973  
2:00 P.M.

PLACE: Social Hall  
First Baptist Church  
209 W. Washington St.  
Greensburg, Indiana

A former circuit judge, legislator, historian and author, our speaker comes to us from Columbus, Indiana where he practises law. A native of Metamora, Mr. Anness is the author of "A SONG OF METAMORIS"- a story of the Indian's last stand against his relentless foe- the white man. He last appeared before us at the annual dinner meeting in 1965. His subject- "What is Past is Prologue".

\* \* \* \*

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1973

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1st. V.P.----- Van P. Batterton  
2nd V. P. ----- Raymond Carr  
Corresponding Secty.-----  
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710 N. Franklin St.  
Greensburg, Indiana 47240  
Recording Secty.-----  
Dale F. Parker  
225 W. Washington St.  
Greensburg, Indiana  
47240  
Treasurer Miss Alpha Thackery



## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mrs. Ruth Anspaugh  
Mrs. Annabell Babb  
Mrs. Hanna Brown  
Franklin Corya  
Mrs. Franklin Corya  
Paul Cuskaden  
Mrs. Jerry Easley  
Mrs. Kay Ewing  
Kenneth Foist  
Ronald Keillor  
Mrs. Ronald Keillor  
Herbert Kohler  
Mrs. Charles A. Kuhl  
Brownsville, Pa.  
Mrs. Valeta D. Martin  
Mrs. George Metz  
Bob Mitchell  
Mrs. Clarence Mitchell  
Mrs. Zue Mitchell  
Miss Ruth Moulton - Union City  
Mrs. Ralph Swegman  
Mrs. Beryle Thompson  
Mrs. Frank Townsend  
Mrs. John Wood  
Clyde Woodward - Muncie  
John Wietlisbach  
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ed-this from the Madison  
paper of Sept. 2, 1851.

## POST OFFICES OF DECATUR CO.

Adams  
Alert  
Bigrest  
Clarksburg  
Clifty  
Downeyville  
Forest Hill  
Gaynorsville  
Greensburg  
Harper  
Harris City  
Horace  
Kingston  
Letts Corner  
McCoy Station  
Millhousen  
New Point  
St. Omer  
St. Paul  
Sandusky  
Springhill  
Waynesburg  
Westport  
Williamstown  
Wintersville

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They marched in from the southeast on the "Old Michigan Road", Old Glory and their battalion flag in the forefront, the officers on horseback, followed by the infantrymen on foot and the muledrawn wagons, carrying their supplies and baggage, bringing up the rear. A few casualties, mostly from sore, tired, and blistered feet, were also aboard the wagons. This was the first time that most of us had ever seen, at one time, more than one or two local soldier boys, on leave, so it was indeed a very imposing and thrilling sight. It made the adrenaline flow a little faster, the heart beat a little harder, and the lump in our throats a little larger. It made us proud to be Americans. Little did we realize that, only in a matter of eight or nine years, many of us would be following in their footsteps.

The troops did not stop. I expect the officers noting a couple of emporiums, which dispersed liquid refreshments, and possibly from previous experiences, marched right on through.

Not to be deprived of some refreshments, a few broke rank and dashed inside to quench their thirst, then ran out and fell in at the rear. One soldier ran out holding a glass of beer in each hand and to say the least, received a standing ovation!

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William Parker

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These verses by R. Sherman Boyl express his version of a recitation given by a sixth-grade immigrant on George Washington's birthday, and how it might have sounded to his classmates.

A Salute to George de Wash.

I like this guy George de Wash...

No better man today than he!

I like the way he fight and pray...

But, no like choppin' cherry tree!

I like the way he fight that king...

That Briton with a head like squash...

And so, I lift my hat today

In grand salute to George de Wash!

I know de Wash born long ago...

I think 'bout seventeen-thirty-two;

He's been salute a lot since then...

I'm American now. I salute him, too.

This guy's real name is Washensune,

Ah, too long a name for me to say;

So I'll just call him George de Wash...

You'll know who I mean, anyway.

So... don't you ever do forget

That George de Wash was one fine man,

I'll try my best to live like him

And always be good 'Merican!

ed.- This came late because George's  
birthday had been advanced  
three days!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

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Civil war letter dated May 28, 1863 in front of Vicksburg from S. R. Edington to his son- By Mrs. C. G. Harrod (Vicksburg fell July 3, 1863)

Land grant to William Burney for 40 acres West of Milford in Shelby County, dated October 20, 1834, signed by Andrew Jackson's secretary.

Seven pictures as follows-

- (1) K.P. bldg. on N. Broadway with 2-story brick house immediately North of alley
- (2) Catholic Church
- (3) Elks bldg. with bldg. East (Cosmos) occupied by Curtis McCoy-tailor and W. W. Hamilton & Sons-Dealers in Mules and Cattle.
- (4) Sandusky star H.S. basket-ball team 1920
- (5) Presbyterian Church with the original tower
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- (7) Draft contingent Decatur Co. W.W.I.-twenty-two boys, Maurice Wolfe later county auditor among them.



Maps- magazine section- paper back- Chicago Tribune- Sept. 8, 1968  
Lincoln country, Illinois, Chicago, the continents.

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Wall map- Indiana- 1932-1933. U.S. 421 then designated as #29.  
Population of Greensburg 5702 in 1930

ed's note- the material listed  
above is from the files  
of the late Frank Marlin-  
a gift to the Society.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AND NOW IT'S RIDDLES

1. Round as a biscuit,  
Busy as a bee  
Prettiest little thing  
You ever did see!
2. Round and round and round the shack  
Peeking in at every crack.
3. What is round and slim?  
Works in the light  
Has only one eye  
But an awful bite!
4. Round as an apple  
Rough as a bear  
If you guess this riddle  
You can pull my hair.
5. All bridles  
All saddled  
All fit for a fight  
I've told you three times in a row  
And yet you don't know!
6. What won't go up the chimney up  
But will go down the chimney down  
What won't go down the chimney up  
But will go up the chimney down?
7. What is stronger than fire?

ed-Answers next issue



8. I break the ice and find silver  
I break the silver and find gold.

9. It has cities- but no houses  
It has forests- but no trees.  
It has rivers- but no fish.

10. As I was walking to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives  
Each wife had seven sacks  
Each sack had seven cats  
Each cat had seven kits  
Kits, cats, sacks and wives  
How many were going to St. Ives?

11. Little Miss Endicott  
With a white petticoat  
And a red nose  
The longer she stands  
The shorter she grows.

Anna Lee Linville  
Lexington, Va.

#### SAVE OUR COURTHOUSE

The effort so far to save our courthouse has been a voluntary one, that of setting up township meetings, circulating petitions and the like. However the time has come that it will be necessary to retain legal counsel with other expenses to be incurred such as advertising, postage and telephone. This means contributions- money if you please! Send your check to-

Dale G. Myers, Treas.  
SAVE OUR COURTHOUSE FUND  
220 E. Walnut Street  
Greensburg, Indiana 47240



## OUR OLD COURTHOUSE

Old courthouse standing straight and tall,  
What must we do to stay the wrecker's ball?  
For many a year, you've graced our square.  
It's a mighty good feeling to know you're there.  
Some folks say you're out of date,  
But you deserve a better fate,  
Than to become a heap of broken brick and rubble.  
Surely, it can't be too much trouble,  
To restore you to your former beauty.  
This must become our bound and duty,  
To preserve, protect, and guard our old friend.  
Who would be loyal to us to the very end.  
Is it too much to ask ourselves to do,  
To stand by an old conrade, tried and true?

Old courthouse with your tree on tower high,  
Our trademark, our wonder reaching to the sky.  
As buildings go, we know you aren't so very tall,  
But it saddens us so much to contemplate your fall.  
Our hall of justice, our county offices must go,  
Because you're bad for business, the planners tell us so.  
But what they fail to tell us is, that nothing can replace  
This dear old stack of bricks, in that bit of hallowed space.  
When we are worn, and old, and gray like you,  
No doubt we will be bad for business too.  
Surely there is more to life round this old square,  
Than just business, and the profits gathered there.  
Old friend, you have served us long and well.  
In our fondest memories, you will always dwell.

Old courthouse, they tell us you are a relic from the past.  
But somehow old friend, with you, my lot, I'll cast.  
Your tree upon the clocktower, our inspiration be,  
Pointing always heavenward, for every eye to see.  
For the future of our courthouse, indeed looks awful grim.  
It doesn't have to happen, but your chances are mighty slim.  
So gather round Decatur citizen, do your very best.  
Let's show these dreadful schemers, we are equal to the test.  
I know you'll say these crude verses are the purest of corn.  
In order to save our courthouse, I'll endure your heaps of scorn.  
To keep our dear old courthouse, I know we surely must,  
For if we should lose her, our hearts will truly bust.  
So join together stouthearted, let's keep that old tower,  
And in the end, this will be our finest hour.

Allan L. Beall



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That Briton with a head like squash...

And so, I lift my hat today

In grand salute to George de Wash!

I know de Wash born long ago...

I think 'bout seventeen-thirty-two;

He's been salute a lot since then...

I'm American now. I salute him, too.

This guy's real name is Washensune,

Ah, too long a name for me to say;

So I'll just call him George de Wash...

You'll know who I mean, anyway.

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July 4, 1973

THE COURTHOUSE ISSUE

There have been some interesting developments since the last issue of the BULLETIN. First the self-appointed "Save the Courthouse" Committee got busy and circulated petitions that read as follows:

"We, the undersigned residents of Decatur County, Indiana, are opposed to the removal or the demolition of the Decatur County Courthouse building. We urge the preservation of the present architectural exterior of said building and request complete renovation of the interior facilities"

At the last accounting some 5700 concerned citizens had signed, as being opposed to the removal or demolition of the structure. In addition money for current expenses was contributed with promises for more if more was needed. The next step came with Congressman Hamilton's announcement that the edifice had been designated as a National Historic Landmark. This too was a team effort- Lots of it- and specialized too. Lastly came the announcement that the County Council had refused to name their member of the so-called Building Authority. The matter rests here.

None will deny that more room is needed. But why destroy the only monument that we have! The alternative- employ an architect to "renovate" the interior and further acquire one of the several vacant buildings on the square for the overflow. It is as simple as that.

OCCASION: Summer meeting

Speaker: Phillip H. Willkie

Date: Sunday afternoon,  
July 15th, 1973  
2:00 P.M.

Place: Social Hall  
First Baptist Church,  
209 W. Washington St.  
Greensburg, Indiana

Phillip H. Willkie is an attorney and president of the Rushville National Bank. His father the late Wendell Willkie was the Republican presidential candidate in 1940, only to be defeated by F.D.R. in his third time out. Mr. Willkie is a crusader in his own right and is especially eloquent in his opposition to big time banking. Another of his pet peevos is the dearth of local country doctors. One may not always agree with him but you have to admire his fortitude in everything that he attempts or does.

\* \* \*

Thomas Jefferson  
on March 4, 1801 said....

"Government should restrain men from injuring one another, but leave them otherwise free to follow their own pursuits of industry and employment."



## THE ARCHIVES

We are indebted to Edward and John McKee, the sons of the late Jen McKee for the following very valuable contributions to our archives, namely:

1. A complete file of the Cincinnati Weekly Times from May 2, 1861 to December 22, 1870.
2. Her cemetery records.

Mrs. McKee was a charter member and director of the Society, and had contributed numerous articles for the BULLETIN. Able and active in everything she ever undertook, her passing is our loss.

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### WYNCOOP

In 1879, a group of men met and formed a company to be known as the Vernon, Greensburg and Rushville Railroad. Immediately solicitors went out to procure subscriptions to finance this venture.

Isaac Wyncoop, a farmer living in the southeast corner of Clay Township, who was active in securing the success of this project, gave land for the depot grounds, with the understanding the station was to be named "Wyncoop". He also laid out lots, streets, and alleys for a town.

For some reason, the name "Wyncoop" did not appeal to the authorities of the company and they changed the name to "Horace", in honor of Col. Horace Scott, of Louisville, who was awarded the contract for building the road.

Although the station was called Horace, the post office still went by the name of Wyncoop, for several years.

At one time, Horace had a general store with a post office, a blacksmith shop, and a schoolhouse jointly owned by Clay and Sandcreek Townships. These have been gone for many years and all that remains is a small village of less than ten houses.

The Vernon, Greensburg and Rushville, or the V.G. and R., later became a part of the Big Four, or C.C.C. and St. L. which was absorbed by the New York Central.

The line has been discontinued. The rails from North Vernon to Westport were removed two years ago and those from Westport to Greensburg are to be taken up this summer. The line from Greensburg to Rushville will be removed later.

So after a useful span of 93 years, the V. G. and R. will be another railroad of the past, soon forgotten.



## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!!

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Mrs. Allen Beall-Rushville  
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With a white petticoat  
And a red nose  
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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 2 - No. 56

Greensburg, Indiana

July 4, 1973

THE COURTHOUSE ISSUE

There have been some interesting developments since the last issue of the BULLETIN. First the self-appointed "Save the Courthouse" Committee got busy and circulated petitions that read as follows:

"We, the undersigned residents of Decatur County, Indiana, are opposed to the removal or the demolition of the Decatur County Courthouse building. We urge the preservation of the present architectural exterior of said building and request complete renovation of the interior facilities"

At the last accounting some 5700 concerned citizens had signed, as being opposed to the removal or demolition of the structure. In addition money for current expenses was contributed with promises for more if more was needed. The next step came with Congressman Hamilton's announcement that the edifice had been designated as a National Historic Landmark. This too was a team effort- Lots of it- and specialized too. Lastly came the announcement that the County Council had refused to name their member of the so-called Building Authority. The matter rests here.

None will deny that more room is needed. But why destroy the only monument that we have! The alternative- employ an architect to "renovate" the interior and further acquire one of the several vacant buildings on the square for the overflow. It is as simple as that.

OCCASION: Summer meeting

Speaker: Phillip H. Willkie

Date: Sunday afternoon,  
July 15th, 1973  
2:00 P.M.

Place: Social Hall  
First Baptist Church,  
209 W. Washington St.  
Greensburg, Indiana

Phillip H. Willkie is an attorney and president of the Rushville National Bank. His father the late Wendell Willkie was the Republican presidential candidate in 1940, only to be defeated by F.D.R. in his third time out. Mr. Willkie is a crusader in his own right and is especially eloquent in his opposition to big time banking. Another of his pet peeves is the dearth of local country doctors. One may not always agree with him but you have to admire his fortitude in everything that he attempts or does.

\* \* \*

Thomas Jefferson  
on March 4, 1801 said....

"Government should restrain men from injuring one another, but leave them otherwise free to follow their own pursuits of industry and employment."



## THE ARCHIVES

We are indebted to Edward and John McKee, the sons of the late Jen McKee for the following very valuable contributions to our archives, namely:

1. A complete file of the Cincinnati Weekly Times from May 2, 1861 to December 22, 1870.
2. Her cemetery records.

Mrs. McKee was a charter member and director of the Society, and had contributed numerous articles for the BULLETIN. Able and active in everything she ever undertook, her passing is our loss.

### WYNCOOP

In 1879, a group of men met and formed a company to be known as the Vernon, Greensburg and Rushville Railroad. Immediately solicitors went out to procure subscriptions to finance this venture.

Isaac Wyncoop, a farmer living in the southeast corner of Clay Township, who was active in securing the success of this project, gave land for the depot grounds, with the understanding the station was to be named "Wyncoop". He also laid out lots, streets, and alleys for a town.

For some reason, the name "Wyncoop" did not appeal to the authorities of the company and they changed the name to "Horace", in honor of Col. Horace Scott, of Louisville, who was awarded the contract for building the road.

Although the station was called Horace, the post office still went by the name of Wyncoop, for several years.

At one time, Horace had a general store with a post office, a blacksmith shop, and a schoolhouse jointly owned by Clay and Sandcreek Townships. These have been gone for many years and all that remains is a small village of less than ten houses.

The Vernon, Greensburg and Rushville, or the V.G. and R., later became a part of the Big Four, or C.C.C. and St. L. which was absorbed by the New York Central.

The line has been discontinued. The rails from North Vernon to Westport were removed two years ago and those from Westport to Greensburg are to be taken up this summer. The line from Greensburg to Rushville will be removed later.

So after a useful span of 93 years, the V. G. and R. will be another railroad of the past, soon forgotten.



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## OUR OLD COURTHOUSE

Old courthouse standing straight and tall,  
What must we do to stay the wrecker's ball?  
For many a year, you've graced our square.  
It's a mighty good feeling to know you're there.  
Some folks say you're out of date,  
But you deserve a better fate,  
Than to become a heap of broken brick and rubble.  
Surely, it can't be too much trouble,  
To restore you to your former beauty.  
This must become our bound and duty,  
To preserve, protect, and guard our old friend.  
Who would be loyal to us to the very end.  
Is it too much to ask ourselves to do,  
To stand by an old comrade, tried and true?

Old courthouse with your tree on tower high,  
Our trademark, our wonder reaching to the sky.  
As buildings go, we know you aren't so very tall,  
But it saddens us so much to contemplate your fall.  
Our hall of justice, our county offices must go,  
Because you're bad for business, the planners tell us so.  
But what they fail to tell us is, that nothing can replace  
This dear old stack of bricks, in that bit of hallowed space.  
When we are worn, and old, and gray like you,  
No doubt we will be bad for business too.  
Surely there is more to life round this old square,  
Than just business, and the profits gathered there.  
Old friend, you have served us long and well.  
In our fondest memories, you will always dwell.

Old courthouse, they tell us you are a relic from the past.  
But somehow old friend, with you, my lot, I'll cast.  
Your tree upon the clocktower, our inspiration be,  
Pointing always heavenward, for every eye to see.  
For the future of our courthouse, indeed looks awful grim.  
It doesn't have to happen, but your chances are mighty slim.  
So gather round Decatur citizen, do your very best.  
Let's show these dreadful schemers, we are equal to the test.  
I know you'll say these crude verses are the purest of corn.  
In order to save our courthouse, I'll endure your heaps of scorn.  
To keep our dear old courthouse, I know we surely must,  
For if we should lose her, our hearts will truly bust.  
So join together stouthearted, let's keep that old tower,  
And in the end, this will be our finest hour.

Allan L. Beall



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Youngsters who can't scare the family pooch out of the flower-  
bed, naturally assume that they become terrifying figures  
by virtue of slipping into a 19-cent type of plastic mask.  
There is nothing in the world more wonderful than  
childish imagination at Halloween time. And so -----

"Here we come skipping down the street- - - -

Challenging everyone we meet- - - -

With that age-old threat of

"Trick or Treat"

For we are Goblins.

Into your homes we'd like to come- - - -

For apples, or candy, or bubble gum;

Please let us come in

And give us some- - - - -

For we are Goblins.

Pirates and hoboes, and ugly clowns,

'Lovely Ladies' (in our mothers' gowns),

Having great fun

Just making our rounds,

For we are Goblins.

We'll do no harm, but we really should

To the stingy people in the neighborhood,

But we'll go home

Still innocent and good

For we are Goblins.

SHERMAN BOYL



THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Vol. 2 - No. 58

Greensburg, Indiana

Nov. 18, 1973

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mrs. Mary Fee Palmer-Anderson  
Dr. Cecil W. Mann-Sylva, N.C.

--774

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## GAYNORSVILLE'S PAST

"Gaynorsville? Where is that? I never heard of it." For those who do not know about the small community of Gaynorsville, just look at an Indiana State Road Map and you will find it located about ten miles south of Greensburg, in Sandcreek township near the Marion township line. It once had a population of approximately 100. Anyone driving through now would never know it was ever anything but a county black topped road, with a few scattered houses along the way. Other houses fell victim to the hammer and wrecking bar long ago.

The time I am writing about, the road was a gravel type, very dusty in the summer and very muddy in the winter.

Sometime around the middle nineteenth century, an Irish immigrant by the name of John Gaynor, born in Ireland, 1820, came with his wife to America and settled here. He constructed a log house, consisting of three rooms down and two up. He owned a few rough acres on which he eked a living, raising at least four children, three girls and one boy named John Larry. He used the name Larry and became a well known and respected character of the community, and never married. One sister, Kate, married a man by the name of Darmondy and lived in Greensburg. The two other girls, Sarah and Maggie remained single. They owned a loom and wove rugs and carpets from rags and discarded clothing brought to them by the women folk of the community. Their charge for this service was very small as compared to the prices charged today, but it added something to the coffers.

Soon after John Gaynor, other families began to move in and erect homes and raise families. The inhabitants decided a name was needed for the town, so selected the name of Gaynorsville, since Mr. Gaynor was the first to locate there. He died May 10, 1883, age 63 years.

The names of families I recall were: Corn, Hudson, Griffin, Pendry, Carter, VanTreese, Coleman, Tumilty, Purvis, Martin, Taylor, Thoman, Wolfe, Ketchum, Hamilton, Owens, Burk, Williams, Vanderbur, Sharp, Parker, Evans a preacher and Horton, a preacher, and King, not of the KING FAMILY..

The school house, where the children attended prior to 1881, was a wooden structure located about a half mile north of the present school house. In 1880 a one room brick school house was built, which in recent years served as a county highway barn. It had one teacher, one room, one pot bellied, wood burning stove near the middle of the room and eight grades. It was cold in the winter, hot and lots of flies in the summer. We loved every day of it, even though we said we hated it. Many educators maintain that personal instruction in the small school is the best way to teach. Wood for the stove was usually cut in the summer and stored in the woodhouse and never became thoroughly dried out before being used in the horizontal pot bellied stove. Sometimes the wood being cut into lengths longer than the stove, would be pushed in as far as it would go and the part remaining out through the open door at the end of the stove would be placed upon a chair to hold it up and the teacher gradually pushed it in as it burned. You order folks who ever tried to burn green wood are aware of the hissing and sputtering that takes place, and sometimes would completely drown the fire by the sap oozing out, but if you can get enough wood in the stove and coax it enough you can get sufficient heat to keep from freezing to death.

The children were always wrapped in the very warmest of clothing. Long heavy winter underwear (unknown today) was worn by both girls and boys. The girls wore long stockings, which were rarely ever seen due to the long length of their skirts. The boys also wore long stockings and knee pants. It was not unusual to see large lumps on the legs of the boys anywhere from the top of their shoes to



the bottom of their knee pants. These lumps were not from bumps or bruises, but from over lapping the underwear before pulling up the long stockings. The underwear usually came up with the stocking in spite of how tight it was lapped.

Dinner buckets were put on shelves at the back of the room. Coats and other apparel were hung on screw-in type coat hangers fastened to the rear wall of the room and it was always a scramble to get yours first.

The teacher taught all eight grades, calling each grade one at a time to come up front and sit on a long bench to recite their lessons. Some of the teachers thoroughly believed in the theory, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The first day of school the teacher went to great lengths to explain what they expected in the way of conduct and what disciplinary measures they were prepared to take. It was much to the benefit of the pupils to obey these rules, else you would be called up in front and whipped by the teacher using a small switch, usually a willow limb, for they seemed more flexible. These whippings were quite embarrassing, but entertaining to the other pupils. Very few graduated without this added curriculum. How the teachers never succumbed to a stroke, I will never know, having up to forty-five and fifty pupils to supervise. The reason for so large attendance was due to the fact that the school at Rodney, about three miles further south, had so few pupils, it was decided to consolidate the two schools. This arrangement only lasted a few years until the enrollment at Rodney became such that the school there reopened. A Mr. Lou Fultz hauled the pupils from Rodney to Gaynorsville school. The last class of ten pupils, of which I was one, was taught by Hazel Crise Foist, 1913-14, a charter member of our Historical Society.

Sports were mostly handy-over, soft ball and riding down hill in the winter months on a home made sled. For you who do not know about the ancient game of 'Handy-over' it was played by dividing the number of players into two teams; one going on either side of the school house and throwing a ball over the school house and if one was successful in catching the ball either he or she would then slip around the schoolhouse and then throw it at the opposing side and if the ball struck a member of the other team, he or she would have to go over to the other side. This would keep up until there was no one left on the opposing team.

Some of the names of teachers I was able to find were: H. H. King, Ira Scripture, Laura Steining, Ethel Crume, John McCammon, Armintha Dixon, Sylvia Tucker, Daniel R. Ford and Hazel Crise. Several taught more than one term. Miss Dixon taught four years, driving a horse and buggy for two of these years, a distance of about four miles.

After the school was abandoned the pupils were 'bussed', not by the modern day bus, but in a hack powered by two horses. The only windows in this school hack were three in the back, one in the door where the children entered and one on either side of the door. There was a large window in front so the driver could see the road and guide the team of horses by leather lines passing through a narrow slit in the front of the hack. The seats were very lightly padded boards extending along the sides from front to rear and a similar one for the back rest. If it had any springs I don't recall. The tires were steel and I assure you the riding was pretty rough, especially in the winter when the ground was frozen and full of ruts. In winter, side curtains made of canvas, were used to help keep out the winter and rainy weather. In early fall and spring these were rolled up, providing fresh air and lots of beautiful scenery on the way to the Letts school. In the winter the hack was heated by a small coal oil stove in the front end, sitting along side the driver, a Mr. Lem Smalley, who supervised the occupants with a loud voice and occasionally with a large hand. The hack was so narrow there wasn't a lot of room between the two rows



of seats and the taller students had trouble with their knees bumping especially if they sat directly across from one another. At times someone in the rear of the hack would start a fight and Mr. Smalley would drop the lines and start towards the back to stop the fight and about every one would get his feet stepped on. Mr. Smalley was a rather large man with feet accordingly and it didn't take too many of these feet smashings until each one would automatically withdraw his feet as far back under the narrow seat as possible whenever an argument started and you felt it would erupt into a fight, only to be halted by Mr. Smalley coming between them and putting each in his place rather roughly. He used a large black snake whip and as the horses gradually slowed down he would open the small door by his side and hollow and crack the whip at the same time. The horses would lurch forward, usually throwing most of the children off their seats towards the rear of the hack. In the winter with the curtains down the fumes from the coal oil stove were almost unbearable. Of course we had never heard of air pollution, but we certainly had it, with the odor of dinner buckets which were usually opened on the way home to enjoy a snack of something left from dinner. Sometimes this odor was mixed with the smell of feet, as some of the boys wore gumboots, so we were glad when the spring air was such that the side curtains could be rolled up.

I don't know when the church was built, but sometime before the turn of the century. It was of wood structure consisting of one room approximately thirty by sixty feet. Meetings were held regularly, with two or more protracted meetings each year, lasting up to three weeks. I won't name the denomination of this church, although the town was mostly made up of Methodists and Catholics, this church was another faith. Large crowds attended these revivals, mostly to see the great enthusiasm shown by the members and not for the sake of their own souls. As the enthusiasm increased by the very righteour, shouting, singing and running up and down the two aisles, the preacher would be drowned out and either join in or sit down and wait until it ceased, which was usually when one or more would go into a trance and fall onto the floor, sometimes in front of the altar and other times into a number of coal oil lanterns sitting in a front corner of the church. Coal oil lights were the only lights in those days and everyone carried a lantern to church and stored them in a corner during the services. These meetings would last way into the night, as some of the members wouldn't come out of the trance for an hour or more. Back sliding was a very common thing among the members, and at these protracted meetings the lost would be brought back into the fold by long testimonies and prayers of the faithful. Hymnals were something else used to further the assurance of a future life after one's demise. Two or three of the sanctified members, singing and shouting, would gather an arm load of the hymnals and one by one they would throw them into the air or corner of the church to drive out the devil. The hymnals usually suffered the loss of their backs and several pages during this demonstration. This act of driving out the devil would mean new hymnals would have to be ordered before the next revival, due to so many pages and backs making the supreme sacrifice. I recall one meeting when the weather was very warm and the windows were raised, the preacher was about the middle of his sermon when some prankster threw a very large barred-rock rooster through one of the open windows. This act brought a sudden interruption to the sermon while the rooster was chased about the church, flapping his wings, jumping from head to head, women screaming and waving their arms to keep him off their heads. After much commotion, he was captured and tossed out. After a brief rehabilitation the services continued. The protracted meetings, outside of the Christmas program at the school was about the only entertainment available. The church in later years burned, some thought by the act of an arsonist.

About the industries; there was a sorgum mill. This was first owned by the Ketchum family, later sold to the Pendry's, who added a broom factory along



with the sorghum mill. Citizens of the community would haul their sugar cane by wagon over the rough country roads to this mill where the juice was extracted by crushing the stalks between rollers. This roller machine was operated by a horse hitched to the end of a strong pole making round after round until one would think the horse would fall from dizziness. The juice was then concentrated by boiling it in a shallow pan until it thickened to the consistency of syrup. At times it was cooked longer until crystalized to sugar. Sorghum was first introduced into the United States around 1700 as a food for the slaves in South Carolina.

The first general store was operated by the Hamilton family for a number of years and after it's closing my grandfather opened a general store, blacksmith shop and a grist mill. My father was a junior member of this business. My grandmother and mother assisted in the store, where you could purchase almost anything a family might need. Name it and they came up with it.

I remember George Bird. (Paul and Clara's father) who lived on North Broadway, delivered coal oil in a green tank wagon, pulled by two horses. This was stored in a large metal tank with a faucet so the oil could be measured out to the customer. The local citizens would carry their coal oil cans with a small potato stuck in the spout, and get them filled for just a few cents a gallon. There was no electricity, so one had to use coal oil lights.

My father drove a huckster wagon over most all the roads surrounding Gaynorsville, weather permitting. They became almost impassable in the winter. He carried a complete line of staples and would let the housewife know of his coming by blowing a cowhorn. She would come out to meet the wagon with her produce, tagging behind would be from one to half a dozen or more children, for they knew they were in for a treat of some candy or other goody. She would trade for flour, sugar, corn meal and whatever groceries the family needed. Also they would bring their produce to the store and trade them for groceries, etc. My grandfather would wait until he collected enough produce to make a trip to Greensburg, to sell them to either Goyert's or Loyd's poultry houses, and then would go to the C. H. Johnston Wholesale house and buy groceries for the store. He would also go to other business places to buy drygoods and hardware. At that time most women made dresses for themselves and daughters; shirts and trousers for the male members of the family. They also bought yarn and knitted socks and mittens for the family.

One event I will always remember was one where a lady brought her butter to the store beautifully molded and asked my grandfather to trade it for some one's butter he knew to be clean about her duties as a housewife, because when she got ready to churn she found a mouse in the cream. She didn't want to throw it out, so she went ahead and churned it, believing my grandfather would trade it for some one's 'mouse free' butter. She said no one would ever know the difference for what one didn't know it wouldn't hurt them. My grandfather simply took her butter to the cellar, where the butter and eggs were kept, for that was the refrigerator in those days, and molded her butter into another mold and gave it back to her. She went merrily home, not hearing my grandfather say, "She's right. What you don't know won't hurt you."

As to the blacksmith shop, farmers for miles around would bring in their broken farm machinery to be repaired, and in the spring of the year one could hardly find a place to step for the plow shears that had been brought in to be sharpened. There were lots of horses in those days and my father shod horses by the dozens. Some horses didn't seem to mind, but others had to be tied up to the beams overhead by block and tackle and it would take from two to three men to hold them until my father could fit and nail the shoe to the horses foot.



Also connected with the shop was a grist mill and farmers would bring in their corn and wheat to be ground into feed. This mill was operated by a very large gasoline engine. This engine also powered the emery wheel where he would sharpen axes, sickle bars and other tools needing a sharp cutting edge.

My grandfather's place seemed to be the hub of the community. A lot of the citizens just came to loaf and swap stories and news of the day. At night they would gather around the pot bellied stove in the store, eat crackers which came in a wooden barrel and peanuts which came in a burlap sack. The floor would be covered by peanut hulls before the gathering broke up. Sometimes they would be accompanied by their wives who would select material from the dry goods department for a new dress. It was my grandmother or mother who would help them pick out a suitable pattern, measure it and cut the needed amount from the bolt of goods.

Sometimes a checker game drew a lot of attention from the rooters gathered about the checkerboard. Some games were never finished due to friendly arguments, but everyone would come back the next night and the same procedure usually took place. Store hours were unknown, let alone vacations. I doubt very much if my grandparents were ever more than a hundred miles from home and each lived to be quite old, and satisfied with their lot. In 1916 they closed the store and moved to Letts, where they spent their remaining years.

The post office established in Gaynorsville, was February 8, 1871. George W. Hamilton was the first postmaster and the post office was in his grocery store. Enoch Parker, my grandfather, was appointed postmaster February 21, 1881 and office was in his store. September 23, 1885, John G. King was appointed postmaster and the office was in his home. The last postmaster was my grandfather, reappointed November 20, 1889, the office again in his store, and he served until the discontinuance on July 14, 1904. The mail was delivered to and from the post office by Larry Gaynor, who operated a passenger service between Gaynorsville and Greensburg. The store was the starting place and Mr. Gaynor would hollow out, "This bus is goin' out right away." He would grab the outgoing mail sack while the passengers climbed aboard. He would crack the whip and the bus, as the saying goes, 'would be off in a cloud of dust'. It would return later in the day with the incoming mail and passengers. Mr. Gaynor continued this service until the discontinuance of the post office and Gaynorsville was put on a rural route out of Letts. Harry C. Black, a resident of Letts, was the first mail carrier. He drove a regular mail hack pulled by one horse. This hack had large letters printed on each side, U.S. Mail. It was heated by a portable coal oil stove and was quite comfortable. Folks along his route would often put farm produce in the mail box as a token for his splendid service. I recall one time my two brothers put a dead blacksnake in the box. This was quite a shock to Mr. Black when he opened our box to put in our mail. In later years, with the coming of the automobile, mail was delivered by car, which was much quicker, as it took almost all day for the horse driven mail hack to deliver the mail.

The first automobile to make it's appearance in Gaynorsville belonged to Dr. John A. Welch of Letts. It was a single cylinder Reo that was cranked from the side, no top or windshield. He used this car to make house calls on the sick. He wore a linen duster and goggles to protect his eyes. I could never guess why the goggles, as the speed of car wasn't much more than the flying bugs. The first sight of this horseless carriage was something never to be forgotten.

Gaynorsville will always be a community, second to none, but it's 'hey-day' is gone forever.

By Dale F. Parker



## "THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS"

'Twas the day after Christmas  
When a man and his spouse  
Were busily at work trying  
To Clean up their house!  
It's hard to believe, and  
Much Harder to guess  
How a group of your kinfolks  
Could make such a mess!

The tree had upset and was  
All out of shape  
When it fell towards a widow  
And tore down a drape.  
The piano was scratched and  
Was all dripping wet  
from half-empty glasses  
Being carelessly upset!

Fingerprints showed on  
Every window and door!  
There was candy and gum that  
Got stuck on the floor.  
There was paper and Boxes  
Adrift everywhere ... and  
A hole had been burned in  
An upholstered chair!

Every flower-pot and vase,  
Every fruit-dish and jar, had  
Been used as an ash-tray for  
A half-burned cigar.  
There were dishes to wash  
And the silver to shine, ....  
There were linens to launder  
And hang on the line!

They left peppermint candy  
And holly and nuts .....  
And gumdrops and chocolates  
And cigarette butts; and  
Cellophane wrappers and  
Bubble-gum too ...  
And pieces of Taffy that  
No one could chew.

There was a pyramid of oranges  
That the children had made;  
And a stain on the sofa where  
A banana had laid.  
And the towels that were used  
To wipe dirty faces ...  
Had been thrown around in the  
Darndest of places!

There was sweeping and dusting  
And brushing to do  
But they both kept right at it  
Until they were through.  
They worked hard all day 'til  
They were blue in the face  
But managed to get everything  
Back in its place!

When bedtime rolled 'round,  
They each said a prayer  
Thanking god for the pleasure  
Of having relatives there.  
And they each made a vow that  
On next Christmas Day ...  
They'd invite the gang back  
If they had not passed away!!

With apologies to Clement Moore,  
Mr. Boyer states. I don't  
believe that Moore could have  
done better--ed.



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"Gaynorsville? Where is that? I never heard of it." For those who do not know about the small community of Gaynorsville, just look at an Indiana State Road Map and you will find it located about ten miles south of Greensburg, in Sandcreek township near the Marion township line. It once had a population of approximately 100. Anyone driving through now would never know it was ever anything but a county black topped road, with a few scattered houses along the way. Other houses fell victim to the hammer and wrecking bar long ago.

The time I am writing about, the road was a gravel type, very dusty in the summer and very muddy in the winter.

Sometime around the middle nineteenth century, an Irish immigrant by the name of John Gaynor, born in Ireland, 1820, came with his wife to America and settled here. He constructed a log house, consisting of three rooms down and two up. He owned a few rough acres on which he eked a living, raising at least four children, three girls and one boy named John Larry. He used the name Larry and became a well known and respected character of the community, and never married. One sister, Kate, married a man by the name of Darmondy and lived in Greensburg. The two other girls, Sarah and Maggie remained single. They owned a loom and wove rugs and carpets from rags and discarded clothing brought to them by the women folk of the community. Their charge for this service was very small as compared to the prices charged today, but it added something to the coffers.

Soon after John Gaynor, other families began to move in and erect homes and raise families. The inhabitants decided a name was needed for the town, so selected the name of Gaynorsville, since Mr. Gaynor was the first to locate there. He died May 10, 1883, age 63 years.

The names of families I recall were: Corn, Hudson, Griffin, Pendry, Carter, VanTreese, Coleman, Tumilty, Purvis, Martin, Taylor, Thoman, Wolfe, Ketchum, Hamilton, Owens, Burk, Williams, Vanderbur, Sharp, Parkor, Evans a preacher and Horton, a preacher, and King, not of the KING FAMILY..

The school house, where the children attended prior to 1881, was a wooden structure located about a half mile north of the present school house. In 1880 a one room brick school house was built, which in recent years served as a county highway barn. It had one teacher, one room, one pot bellied, wood burning stove near the middle of the room and eight grades. It was cold in the winter, hot and lots of flies in the summer. We loved every day of it, even though we said we hated it. Many educators maintain that personal instruction in the small school is the best way to teach. Wood for the stove was usually cut in the summer and stored in the woodhouse and never became thoroughly dried out before being used in the horizontal pot bellied stove. Sometimes the wood being cut into lengths longer than the stove, would be pushed in as far as it would go and the part remaining out through the open door at the end of the stove would be placed upon a chair to hold it up and the teacher gradually pushed it in as it burned. You order folks who ever tried to burn green wood are aware of the hissing and sputtering that takes place, and sometimes would completely drown the fire by the sap oozing out, but if you can get enough wood in the stove and coax it enough you can get sufficient heat to keep from freezing to death.

The children were always wrapped in the very warmest of clothing. Long heavy winter underwear (unknown today) was worn by both girls and boys. The girls wore long stockings, which were rarely ever seen due to the long length of their skirts. The boys also wore long stockings and knee pants. It was not unusual to see large lumps on the legs of the boys anywhere from the top of their shoes to



the bottom of their knee pants. These lumps were not from bumps or bruises, but from over lapping the underwear before pulling up the long stockings. The underwear usually came up with the stocking in spite of how tight it was lapped.

Dinner buckets were put on shelves at the back of the room. Coats and other apparel were hung on screw-in type coat hangers fastened to the rear wall of the room and it was always a scramble to get yours first.

The teacher taught all eight grades, calling each grade one at a time to come up front and sit on a long bench to recite their lessons. Some of the teachers thoroughly believed in the theory, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The first day of school the teacher went to great lengths to explain what they expected in the way of conduct and what disciplinary measures they were prepared to take. It was much to the benefit of the pupils to obey these rules, else you would be called up in front and whipped by the teacher using a small switch, usually a willow limb, for they seemed more flexible. These whippings were quite embarrassing, but entertaining to the other pupils. Very few graduated without this added curriculum. How the teachers never succumbed to a stroke, I will never know, having up to forty-five and fifty pupils to supervise. The reason for so large attendance was due to the fact that the school at Rodney, about three miles further south, had so few pupils, it was decided to consolidate the two schools. This arrangement only lasted a few years until the enrollment at Rodney became such that the school there reopened. A Mr. Lou Fultz hauled the pupils from Rodney to Gaynorsville school. The last class of ten pupils, of which I was one, was taught by Hazel Crise Foist, 1913-14, a charter member of our Historical Society.

Sports were mostly handy-over, soft ball and riding down hill in the winter months on a home made sled. For you who do not know about the ancient game of 'Handy-over' it was played by dividing the number of players into two teams; one going on either side of the school house and throwing a ball over the school house and if one was successful in catching the ball either he or she would then slip around the schoolhouse and then throw it at the opposing side and if the ball struck a member of the other team, he or she would have to go over to the other side. This would keep up until there was no one left on the opposing team.

Some of the names of teachers I was able to find were: H. H. King, Ira Scripture, Laura Steining, Ethel Crume, John McCammon, Armintha Dixon, Sylvia Tucker, Daniel R. Ford and Hazel Crise. Several taught more than one term. Miss Dixon taught four years, driving a horse and buggy for two of these years, a distance of about four miles.

After the school was abandoned the pupils were 'bussed', not by the modern day bus, but in a hack powered by two horses. The only windows in this school hack were three in the back, one in the door where the children entered and one on either side of the door. There was a large window in front so the driver could see the road and guide the team of horses by leather lines passing through a narrow slit in the front of the hack. The seats were very lightly padded boards extending along the sides from front to rear and a similar one for the back rest. If it had any springs I don't recall. The tires were steel and I assure you the riding was pretty rough, especially in the winter when the ground was frozen and full of ruts. In winter, side curtains made of canvas, were used to help keep out the winter and rainy weather. In early fall and spring these were rolled up, providing fresh air and lots of beautiful scenery on the way to the Letts school. In the winter the hack was heated by a small coal oil stove in the front end, sitting along side the driver, a Mr. Lem Smalley, who supervised the occupants with a loud voice and occasionally with a large hand. The hack was so narrow there wasn't a lot of room between the two rows



of seats and the taller students had trouble with their knees bumping especially if they sat directly across from one another. At times someone in the rear of the hack would start a fight and Mr. Smalley would drop the lines and start towards the back to stop the fight and about every one would get his feet stepped on. Mr. Smalley was a rather large man with feet accordingly and it didn't take too many of these feet smashings until each one would automatically withdraw his feet as far back under the narrow seat as possible whenever an argument started and you felt it would erupt into a fight, only to be halted by Mr. Smalley coming between them and putting each in his place rather roughly. He used a large black snake whip and as the horses gradually slowed down he would open the small door by his side and hollow and crack the whip at the same time. The horses would lurch forward, usually throwing most of the children off their seats towards the rear of the hack. In the winter with the curtains down the fumes from the coal oil stove were almost unbearable. Of course we had never heard of air pollution, but we certainly had it, with the odor of dinner buckets which were usually opened on the way home to enjoy a snack of something left from dinner. Sometimes this odor was mixed with the smell of feet, as some of the boys wore gumboots, so we were glad when the spring air was such that the side curtains could be rolled up.

I don't know when the church was built, but sometime before the turn of the century. It was of wood structure consisting of one room approximately thirty by sixty feet. Meetings were held regularly, with two or more protracted meetings each year, lasting up to three weeks. I won't name the denomination of this church, although the town was mostly made up of Methodists and Catholics, this church was another faith. Large crowds attended these revivals, mostly to see the great enthusiasm shown by the members and not for the sake of their own souls. As the enthusiasm increased by the very righteousness, shouting, singing and running up and down the two aisles, the preacher would be drowned out and either join in or sit down and wait until it ceased, which was usually when one or more would go into a trance and fall onto the floor, sometimes in front of the altar and other times into a number of coal oil lanterns sitting in a front corner of the church. Coal oil lights were the only lights in those days and everyone carried a lantern to church and stored them in a corner during the services. These meetings would last way into the night, as some of the members wouldn't come out of the trance for an hour or more. Back sliding was a very common thing among the members, and at these protracted meetings the lost would be brought back into the fold by long testimonies and prayers of the faithful. Hymnals were something else used to further the assurance of a future life after one's demise. Two or three of the sanctified members, singing and shouting, would gather an arm load of the hymnals and one by one they would throw them into the air or corner of the church to drive out the devil. The hymnals usually suffered the loss of their backs and several pages during this demonstration. This act of driving out the devil would mean new hymnals would have to be ordered before the next revival, due to so many pages and backs making the supreme sacrifice. I recall one meeting when the weather was very warm and the windows were raised, the preacher was about the middle of his sermon when some prankster threw a very large barred-rock rooster through one of the open windows. This act brought a sudden interruption to the sermon while the rooster was chased about the church, flapping his wings, jumping from head to head, women screaming and waving their arms to keep him off their heads. After much commotion, he was captured and tossed out. After a brief rehabilitation the services continued. The protracted meetings, outside of the Christmas program at the school was about the only entertainment available. The church in later years burned, some thought by the act of an arsonist.

About the industries; there was a sorgum mill. This was first owned by the Ketchum family, later sold to the Pendry's, who added a broom factory along



with the sorghum mill. Citizens of the community would haul their sugar cane by wagon over the rough country roads to this mill where the juice was extracted by crushing the stalks between rollers. This roller machine was operated by a horse hitched to the end of a strong pole making round after round until one would think the horse would fall from dizziness. The juice was then concentrated by boiling it in a shallow pan until it thickened to the consistency of syrup. At times it was cooked longer until crystalized to sugar. Sorghum was first introduced into the United States around 1700 as a food for the slaves in South Carolina.

The first general store was operated by the Hamilton family for a number of years and after it's closing my grandfather opened a general store, blacksmith shop and a grist mill. My father was a junior member of this business. My grandmother and mother assisted in the store, where you could purchase almost anything a family might need. Name it and they came up with it.

I remember George Bird. (Paul and Clara's father) who lived on North Broadway, delivered coal oil in a green tank wagon, pulled by two horses. This was stored in a large metal tank with a faucet so the oil could be measured out to the customer. The local citizens would carry their coal oil cans with a small potato stuck in the spout, and get them filled for just a few cents a gallon. There was no electricity, so one had to use coal oil lights.

My father drove a huckster wagon over most all the roads surrounding Gaynorsville, weather permitting. They became almost impassable in the winter. He carried a complete line of staples and would let the housewife know of his coming by blowing a cowhorn. She would come out to meet the wagon with her produce, tagging behind would be from one to half a dozen or more children, for they knew they were in for a treat of some candy or other goody. She would trade for flour, sugar, corn meal and whatever groceries the family needed. Also they would bring their produce to the store and trade them for groceries, etc. My grandfather would wait until he collected enough produce to make a trip to Greensburg, to sell them to either Goyert's or Loyd's poultry houses, and then would go to the C. H. Johnston Wholesale house and buy groceries for the store. He would also go to other business places to buy drygoods and hardware. At that time most women made dresses for themselves and daughters; shirts and trousers for the male members of the family. They also bought yarn and knitted socks and mittens for the family.

One event I will always remember was one where a lady brought her butter to the store beautifully molded and asked my grandfather to trade it for some one's butter he knew to be clean about her duties as a housewife, because when she got ready to churn she found a mouse in the cream. She didn't want to throw it out, so she went ahead and churned it, believing my grandfather would trade it for some one's 'mouse free' butter. She said no one would ever know the difference for what one didn't know it wouldn't hurt them. My grandfather simply took her butter to the cellar, where the butter and eggs were kept, for that was the refrigerator in those days, and molded her butter into another mold and gave it back to her. She went merrily home, not hearing my grandfather say, "She's right. What you don't know won't hurt you."

As to the blacksmith shop, farmers for miles around would bring in their broken farm machinery to be repaired, and in the spring of the year one could hardly find a place to step for the plow shears that had been brought in to be sharpened. There were lots of horses in those days and my father shod horses by the dozens. Some horses didn't seem to mind, but others had to be tied up to the beams overhead by block and tackle and it would take from two to three men to hold them until my father could fit and nail the shoe to the horses foot.



Also connected with the shop was a grist mill and farmers would bring in their corn and wheat to be ground into feed. This mill was operated by a very large gasoline engine. This engine also powered the emery wheel where he would sharpen axes, sickle bars and other tools needing a sharp cutting edge.

My grandfather's place seemed to be the hub of the community. A lot of the citizens just came to loaf and swap stories and news of the day. At night they would gather around the pot bellied stove in the store, eat crackers which came in a wooden barrel and peanuts which came in a burlap sack. The floor would be covered by peanut hulls before the gathering broke up. Sometimes they would be accompanied by their wives who would select material from the dry goods department for a new dress. It was my grandmother or mother who would help them pick out a suitable pattern, measure it and cut the needed amount from the bolt of goods.

Sometimes a checker game drew a lot of attention from the rooters gathered about the checkerboard. Some games were never finished due to friendly arguments, but everyone would come back the next night and the same procedure usually took place. Store hours were unknown, let alone vacations. I doubt very much if my grandparents were ever more than a hundred miles from home and each lived to be quite old, and satisfied with their lot. In 1916 they closed the store and moved to Letts, where they spent their remaining years.

The post office established in Gaynorsville, was February 8, 1871. George W. Hamilton was the first postmaster and the post office was in his grocery store. Enoch Parker, my grandfather, was appointed postmaster February 21, 1881 and office was in his store. September 23, 1885, John G. King was appointed postmaster and the office was in his home. The last postmaster was my grandfather, reappointed November 20, 1889, the office again in his store, and he served until the discontinuance on July 14, 1904. The mail was delivered to and from the post office by Larry Gaynor, who operated a passenger service between Gaynorsville and Greensburg. The store was the starting place and Mr. Gaynor would hollow out, "This bus is goin' out right away." He would grab the outgoing mail sack while the passengers climbed aboard. He would crack the whip and the bus, as the saying goes, 'would be off in a cloud of dust'. It would return later in the day with the incoming mail and passengers. Mr. Gaynor continued this service until the discontinuance of the post office and Gaynorsville was put on a rural route out of Letts. Harry C. Black, a resident of Letts, was the first mail carrier. He drove a regular mail hack pulled by one horse. This hack had large letters printed on each side, U.S. Mail. It was heated by a portable coal oil stove and was quite comfortable. Folks along his route would often put farm produce in the mail box as a token for his splendid service. I recall one time my two brothers put a dead blacksnake in the box. This was quite a shock to Mr. Black when he opened our box to put in our mail. In later years, with the coming of the automobile, mail was delivered by car, which was much quicker, as it took almost all day for the horse driven mail hack to deliver the mail.

The first automobile to make it's appearance in Gaynorsville belonged to Dr. John A. Welch of Letts. It was a single cylinder Reo that was cranked from the side, no top or windshield. He used this car to make house calls on the sick. He wore a linen duster and goggles to protect his eyes. I could never guess why the goggles, as the speed of car wasn't much more than the flying bugs. The first sight of this horseless carriage was something never to be forgotten.

Gaynorsville will always be a community, second to none, but it's 'hey-day' is gone forever.

By Dale F. Parker



## "THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS"

'Twas the day after Christmas  
When a man and his spouse  
Were busily at work trying  
To Clean up their house!  
It's hard to believe, and  
Much Harder to guess  
How a group of your kinfolks  
Could make such a mess!

The tree had upset and was  
All out of shape  
When it fell towards a widow  
And tore down a drape.  
The piano was scratched and  
Was all dripping wet  
from half-empty glasses  
Being carelessly upset!

Fingerprints showed on  
Every window and door!  
There was candy and gum that  
Got stuck on the floor.  
There was paper and Boxes  
Adrift everywhere ... and  
A hole had been burned in  
An upholstered chair!

Every flower-pot and vase,  
Every fruit-dish and jar, had  
Been used as an ash-tray for  
A half-burned cigar.  
There were dishes to wash  
And the silver to shine, ....  
There were linens to launder  
And hang on the line!

They left peppermint candy  
And holly and nuts ....  
And gumdrops and chocolates  
And cigarette butts; and  
Cellophane wrappers and  
Bubble-gum too ...  
And pieces of Taffy that  
No one could chew.

There was a pyramid of oranges  
That the children had made;  
And a stain on the sofa where  
A banana had laid.  
And the towels that were used  
To wipe dirty faces ...  
Had been thrown around in the  
Darndest of places!

There was sweeping and dusting  
And brushing to do  
But they both kept right at it  
Until they were through.  
They worked hard all day 'til  
They were blue in the face  
But managed to get everything  
Back in its place!

When bedtime rolled 'round,  
They each said a prayer  
Thanking god for the pleasure  
Of having relatives there.  
And they each made a vow that  
On next Christmas Day ...  
They'd invite the gang back  
If they had not passed away!!

With apologies to Clement Moore,  
Mr. Boyer states. I don't  
believe that Moore could have  
done better--ed.